

# The Bath Comedy

By AGNES and EGERTON CASTLE

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Outside Sir Jasper's dressing room she listened. She could hear him stomp about as he made his toilet and curse his man. She put out her hand to knock, but the memory of his stern repulse to her last appeal robbed her of all courage.

"I will not go in upon him," thought she, "but when he comes out I will speak."

"These swords," said Sir Jasper within, "I will take in the carriage. I expect Mr. Stafford and a friend to call for me in half an hour. Do you understand, sirrah? And, hark ye, where are the pistols?" And, hark ye, where are the pistols?

"Pistols!" echoed Lady Standish, and her heart beat to suffocation.

"Here, Sir Jasper," said the valet then.

"Now, mark what I say," said Sir Jasper impressively. "Lord Markham will call at 11. Let the carriage be in waiting. Tell my lord that I will meet him five minutes before the half hour at Hammer's fields. Forget at your peril! You are to take these pistols there yourself. Stay; tell my lord Markham that if I am not at the rendezvous 'twill only be because I have not life enough left to take me there and he must make it straight with Colonel Villiers. Have you understood, rascal? Nay, damn you, I will give you a letter for my Lord Markham."

"O God! O God!" cried poor Lady Standish, and felt her knees tremble. "What is this now? Another meeting! The colonel—in God's name, how comes he upon Colonel Villiers? Why, this is wholesale slaughter! This is insanity! This must be prevented!" She caught her head in her hands. "Sir Jasper's mad," she said. "What shall I do? What shall I do? They will kill him, and I shall have done it! Why now, if Kitty prevents the first duel, cannot I prevent the second? Oh, I am a false wife if I cannot save my husband! Heaven direct me!" she prayed, and to her prayer came inspiration.

There was the bishop, the bishop of Bath and Wells! That reverend prelate had shown her much kindness and attention. He would know how to interfere in such a crisis. He was a man of authority. Between them could they not force the peace at Hammer's fields, and could not Sir Jasper be saved in spite of himself, were it by delivering him into the hands of the law?

Lady Standish flew into her room and called the suffering Megrim.

"Payer and ink," cried she, "and get you ready to run on a message. 'Tis a matter of life and death."

"My lady," said Megrim primly, "I will serve your ladyship in all things that are right. But I hope I know my duty to my Creator, and stoop to connive at irregularities, my lady, I won't and never will."

She had been ready to condemn her minister overnight, but the talk in the servants' hall had, as she expressed it, "opened her eyes." And what woman is not ready to judge her sister woman—above all, what maid to condemn her mistress?

Lady Standish stared. "What means this?" she said. "You shall do as I bid you, Mistress Megrim. How dare you?" cried Lady Standish with a sudden flash of comprehension. "Why, woman, my letter is to the bishop!"

"Oh," quoth Mistress Megrim, still with reserve, yet condescending to approval. "That is another matter! Shall I?" she said. "The stricture had become a Christian? Shall I refuse aid to the bruised sinner or to the smoking lamp whose conscience is awakened? May his lordship be a tower of strength to your ladyship along the rocky paths of penitence. Amen!"

## CHAPTER VIII.

IN ten minutes a fair lady may do much to enhance her fairness. As Mistress Bellairs took a last look at her mirror, while Lydia bustled out to call a hired chair, she bestowed upon her reflection a smile of approval which indeed to charming an image could not fail to call forth. Then she huddled herself in a mysterious and all developing cloak, caught up a little velvet mask from the table and sped upon her errand. She sallied forth as the gallant soldier might to battle, with a beating heart, yet a high one.

Lord Verney and Captain Spicer had just finished breakfast at the former's lodgings in Pierrepont street, near North Parade. Captain Spicer, on being apprised of his own experience as a duelist, of his scorn of Sir Jasper's lunacy, yet of his full determination to slay the vile madman, had done ample justice to his young principal's table. But Lord Verney, his cheek now darkly flushed, now spread with an unwholesome pallor, found it hard to swallow even a mouthful of bread, and restlessly passed from the contemplation of the handling of his pistols, to the hasty addition of yet another postscript to the ill-spelt, blotched farewell epistle he had spent half the night in huddling to the dwager, his mother. "In case, you know," he had said to his friend, with a quiver in his voice.

Captain Spicer had earnestly promised to carry out his patron's last wishes in the most scrupulous manner.

"My dear lord," he had said, grasping him by the hand, "rely upon me. Sir Jasper is a devil of a shot, I hear, and of course we all know the saying—the strength of a madman. But no sooner has he laid you, Harry, than I vow, upon my honor, I shall hold him at my sword's point. I will revenge thee, Harry, never fear of that. 'Twill be a mighty genteel story, and the world will ring with it. Egad, he will not be the first I have spitted as easy as your cook would spit a turkey. Have I not learned of the great Angelo Malevolenti himself? He, he, 'A woman's hand,' he would say, 'and the devil's head!'"

Here Captain Spicer shook out his bony fingers from the incubating ruffles and contemplated them with much satisfaction.

"Oh, hang you, Spicer, be quiet, can't you?" cried Lord Verney petulantly.

The captain leaned back on his chair and began to pick his teeth with a silver toothpick.

"Pooh, these novices!" said he, as if to himself. "Keep your nerves steady, my lord, or, stab me, I may as well order the mourning coach before we start. He, he! 'Tis well, indeed, you have a friend to stand by you!"

A discreet tap was heard at the door and Lord Verney's impassive new servant (especially engaged on his behalf by the captain, who, indeed, some ill-natured wag had it, shared his wages and perquisites) stood in the doorway.

"There is a lady downstairs, my lord," he said in his mechanical voice. "She particularly requests to see your lordship and will take no denial, although I informed her that your lordship was like to be engaged until late in the morning."

Lord Verney merely stared in amazement; but Captain Spicer sprang up from his chair, his pale eyes starting with curiosity.

"A lady! Verney, you dog, what is this? A lady, Ned? Stay! Is she tall and fair and slight?"

"No, sir; she is undersized and seems plump, though she is wrapped in so great a cloak I could hardly tell."

"Pretty, man?"

"Cannot say, sir; she wears a mask."

"A mask? He! Verney, Verney, this is vastly interesting! And she won't go away, eh, Ned?"

"No, sir; she must see his lordship, she said, if only for five minutes."

"Plump, undersized, masked!" ejaculated Captain Spicer in burning perplexity. "We have ten minutes yet. We will have her up; eh, Verney? Show her up, Ned."

The servant withdrew, unheeding Lord Verney's stammered protest.

"Really, Captain Spicer," said he, "I would have liked to have kept these last ten minutes for something serious. I would have liked," said the lad with a catch in his voice and a hot color on his cheek, "to have read a page of my Bible before starting, were it only for my mother's sake, afterward!"

The captain threw up hand and eye in unfeigned horror.

"A page of your Bible! Zounds! If it gets out, we are the laughingstock of Bath. A page of your Bible! 'Tis well no one heard you but I!"

"Hush!" said Lord Verney, for in the doorway stood their visitor. 'Twas indeed a little figure, wrapped in a great cloak, and except for the white hand that held the folds and the glimpse of round chin and cherry lip that was trembling beneath the curve of the mask there was naught else to betray her identity, to tell whether she were young or old, well favored or disheveled. But it was a charming little hand and an engaging little chin.

Lord Verney merely stood and stared like the boy he was. But Captain Spicer leaped forward with a spring like a grasshopper, and, crossing his lean shanks, he presented a chair with the killing grace of which he alone was master. The lady entered the room, put her hand on the back of the chair and turned upon Captain Spicer.

"I would see Lord Verney alone, sir," she said. It was a very sweet voice, but it was imperious. The masked lady had all the air of one who was accustomed to instant obedience.

In vain Captain Spicer leered and languished; the black eyes gleamed from behind the disguise very coldly and steadily back at him. Forced to withdraw, he endeavored to do so with wit and elegance, but he was conscious somehow of cutting rather a poor figure, and under the unknown one's hand the door closed upon him with so much energy as to frustrate utterly his last bow.

Kitty Bellairs deliberately turned the key in the lock and put it in her pocket. Lord Verney started forward, but was arrested by the sound of his own name pronounced in the most dulcet and plaintive tone he thought he had ever heard.

"Lord Verney," said Kitty, flinging back her cloak and hood and allowing her pretty brown curls and a hint of the most perfect shape in Bath to become visible to the young peer's bewildered gaze. "Lord Verney," said she, and clasped her hands, "a very, very unhappy woman has come to throw herself upon your compassion."

"Madam," said Lord Verney, "what can I do for you?" His boyish soul was thrilled by these gentle accents of grief. He thought he saw a tear running down the white chin; the rounded bosom heaved beneath its bewitching disorder of lace. He glanced at the clock and back at the suppliant in a

cruel perplexity. "Madam," said he, "time presses. I have but a few minutes to give you. Tell me, madam, how can I serve you? To do so will be a comfort to me in what is perhaps the last hour of my life."

The lady gave a cry as soft as a dove's and as plaintive.

"Oh," said she, "it is true, then, what I heard?" and the white hands were wrung together as in extremest anguish.

"Madam," cried he, with outspread arms, and, though without daring to touch her, drawing closer—so close as to hear the quick catch of her breath and to inhale the subtle fragrance of violets that emanated from her.

"Oh," said she, "it is true!" She staggered and caught at the fastenings of her cloak and threw it open.

"You are faint," he cried, strangely moved. "Let me call."

But she caught him by the hand. Her fingers were curiously warm for



"Who are you?" said he.

One seized with faintness, but the touch of them was pleasant to the young man as never woman's touch had been before. On flew the fellow hand to keep his prisoner, and they clung round his great boy's wrist.

He never knew how, but suddenly he was on his knees before her.

"You are going to fight," said she, "to fight with Sir Jasper. Oh, you do not know, but it is because of me, and if you fight it will break my heart!"

(To Be Continued.)

## Taxpayers' Notice!

Paducah, Ky., September 11, 1906.

You are hereby notified that all persons owning or having in their possession, or under their control as agent, guardian, or committee, executor, administrator, curator, trustee, receiver, commissioner, or otherwise, real, tangible, or intangible personal property, on the 15th day of September, are required on or before the 1st day of October, to give the assessor a true and complete list of same, with true cash value thereof, as of the 15th day of September, under oath, upon forms to be furnished on application by said assessor at his office, and that all merchants of the city doing business for themselves or others shall in like manner and in addition thereto, state the highest amount in value of goods, wares and merchandise, owned or kept on hand for sale by said merchants, during the three months next preceding such 15th day of September.

Prompt attention to this will save property owners additional cost.

STEWART DICK, Assessor.

Approved, D. A. YEISER, Mayor.

Office, Room 9, City Hall.

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## NO JOINT DEBATE IS THE DECISION

Beckham and McCreary Sign Statements.

Proposition Made for Hays to Withdraw in Favor of Blackburn for Governor.

## MANY CONFERENCES ARE HELD

Louisville, Sept. 14.—There will be no joint debate between Governor Beckham and Senator McCreary. An authoritative announcement of this fact was made this afternoon. Both the governor and Mr. McCreary signed a statement to the effect that according to the advice of the friends of both it had been mutually agreed to abandon the idea of joint debates.

## Hays May Withdraw

Louisville, Sept. 14.—The Seelbach was the scene of at least a dozen conferences today between Democratic politicians from all parts of Kentucky, and some interesting developments may follow within the next forty-eight hours.

The most interesting development of the morning was an attempt on the part of a number of the friends of Attorney General N. B. Hays to induce the latter to withdraw from the race for the Democratic nomination for governor. If Mr. Hays should consent to withdraw, Senator J. C. S. Blackburn will immediately announce as a candidate for governor.

This proposition was hotly debated behind closed doors at the hotel from 10 to 12 o'clock, and the latest indications are that Mr. Hays will elect to remain in the race. His own supporters are, however, much divided.

Probably a majority believe that Mr. Hays should withdraw and they say that they can certainly nominate Senator Blackburn over Judge S. W. Hager with Mr. Hays eliminated from the race.

Mr. Blackburn stated positively this morning to a number of friends that he will not enter the race unless Hays withdraws. Between Hays and Hager Mr. Blackburn prefers Hays, but he is inclined to believe that Hays cannot be nominated.

A peculiar feature of the situation is the attitude of Mr. McCreary. The latter stands committed to Hays, but it is known that a McCreary-Hager combination exists in Jefferson county and probably in other counties.

With Mr. Blackburn in the race it is believed that Senator McCreary would have no other recourse but to repudiate Hager and declare for Blackburn. The friends of Judge Hager are exerting themselves to prevent the entrance of Mr. Blackburn into the race, and it is claimed that they are offering to support McCreary all down the line if he will keep Blackburn out of the race.

## ALPINE CLIMBERS

SWEEP DOWN BY AVALANCHE OF STONES AND SNOW.

One Badly Injured Dangling Over Precipice to Edge of Which Others Cling.

New York, Sept. 14.—A cable dispatch to a morning paper from St. Michael de Maerene, France, says: Four Alpine climbers, while returning from an ascent of the Aiguilles d'Arves on Sunday evening, were swept by an avalanche of stones upon a glacier fifty feet below. All were stunned. The first to recover his sense was a man named Maige, who found two of his companions lying seriously injured on the edge of a crevasse of unknown depth in which the fourth climber, a man named Questo, was dangling by the rope with which the party had been linked together. The accidental wedging of this rope in a cleft alone saved all the men from falling into the abyss of the crevasse.

Questo, who was suffering agony, shouted: "My arms and legs are broken. I am suffering horribly. Cut the rope and let me die."

Maige vainly tried to haul him up, and finding the others helpless, he further secured the rope and started to obtain aid. It was nine hours before he returned with helpers. The rope had not broken and Questo was found still swinging from it, but he was unconscious and soon died after being rescued. He was known in Italy as a writer on Alpine subjects. The others are recovering.

Bristol Cathedral was 582 years building. It was completed in 1883. Gloucester Cathedral was 425 years in building.

## UNIVERSITY FOR MILLINERS.

Is Planned by Chicago Man, Who Thinks He Has Scheme.

Chicago, Sept. 14.—The number of husbands who announce from time to time in the newspapers that they no longer will be responsible for the debts of their wives is threatened with a serious increase should the plans of the National Milliners' association be brought to a successful conclusion. A plot was revealed in all its terrible possibilities at yesterday's session of the association at the Masonic Temple. It involves nothing less than the founding of a "Milliners' University," where the embryo shop-lady will be instructed in psychology, phrenology and physiognomy. The suggestion was even made that mesmerism be added to the course. Strangely enough the promoter of this scheme is a man. He was introduced to the assemblage by Mme. Hunt, president, and milliners from all over the central and southwest applauded as he drew a picture of the millinery store of the future, run by graduates of the university, where never a woman shopper might enter with the faintest hope of rescue.

## CHINESE SPELLING.

Reform Is Brought About by Telegraph.

New York, Sept. 14.—The Western Union Telegraph company has received a communication from Chow Wang Pang, director of the Imperial Chinese telegraphs at Shanghai, under date of August 1, stating that "the development of telegraphs and posts in the empire of China has necessitated that a uniform system of romanization of Chinese city names should be adopted, and for this purpose a special committee was appointed." This committee consisted of Tont, Caw Wang Pang and F. N. Dressing of the Imperial telegraph, H. B. Morse and W. Bright of the imperial customs, Count De Galimbert and H. W. Brazier, of the imperial posts, and W. F. Tyler, imperial Chinese coast inspector.

As a result of their work a uniform spelling has been adopted, and in the future will be applied to all Chinese names, the romanization of several Chinese telegraph stations being altered in accordance therewith.

## RUNAWAY BOY.

Outposts Policemen Near Railroad Station This Morning.

A runaway youth who acts as though he is wanted somewhere, outstripped Patrolmen Scott Ferguson and James Clark at the Illinois Central station this morning at 3 o'clock. The policemen got a tip that the boy was hanging about trying to catch a train. He had made several attempts but was unsuccessful. He did not seem to be in company with any one.

The baseball is as blind as the bat.



Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

is a positive cure for all those painful ailments of women. It will entirely cure the worst forms of Female Complaints, Inflammation and Ulceration, Falling and Displacements and consequent Spinal Weakness, and is peculiarly adapted to the Change of Life. It will surely cure.

It has cured more cases of Female Weakness than any other remedy the world has ever known. It is almost infallible in such cases. It dissolves and expels Tumors in an early stage of development. That

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Irregularity, Suppressed or Painful Periods, Weakness of the Stomach, Indigestion, Bloating, Nervous Prostration, Headache, General Debility. Also

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Each bottle of the above medicines bears upon its wrapper a badge of honesty in the full list of ingredients composing it—printed in plain English. This frank and open publicity places these medicines in a class all by themselves, and is the best guaranty of their merit. They cannot be classes as patent nor secret medicines for they are neither—being of known composition.

Dr. Pierce feels that he can afford to take the attitude of honesty, and lay all the ingredients of his medicines freely before them because these ingredients are such as are endorsed and most strongly recommended by the most eminent medical writers as cures for the diseases for which these medicines are recommended. Therefore, the Dr. Pierce's recommendation as to the curative value of his medicines for certain easily recognized diseases.

A glance at the printed formula on each bottle will show that no alcohol and no harmful or habit-forming drugs enter into Dr. Pierce's medicines, they being wholly compounded of glyceric extracts of the roots of native American forest plants. These are best and safest for the cure of most lingering, chronic diseases. Dr. R. W. Pierce can be consulted freely by addressing him at "Burleigh, N. Y.," and all communications are regarded as sacredly confidential.

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INSURANCE

CITY OWNERSHIP IS DEFEATED.

Returns of Seattle Election Indicate Bond Project Has Lost.

Seattle, Sept. 14.—With less than half of the registered vote cast, there is every indication tonight that the municipal ownership street railway bonds have lost in today's special election. The full returns will not be in until morning.

Forty-four precincts out of ninety-six give 2,467 for municipal ownership and 3,692 against. This includes a scattering of precincts from all wards in the city and is therefore an indicator. The outlying wards where the labor vote is in the majority, are going for the bonds, but even in these some of the precincts do not give the necessary three-fifths majority to carry.

The Seventh, or "silk stocking," ward is almost 2 to 1 against the bonds. In all of the business districts and the wards where business men reside the precincts reported are against municipal ownership.

The municipal ownership leaders have given out a statement that while the showing is against them they have hopes that the outside precincts, where the laboring vote is largest and which have not yet been heard from, will pull them through. At the Business Men's League headquarters the election is claimed against municipal ownership by a large plurality.

While the vote has been lighter than was expected, tonight thousands are standing in front of the newspaper offices where bulletins are thrown on canvasses. They are strictly against the issue and cheer all recapitulations showing the bonds are being defeated.

Concerning Fairly Rates: "I say, mamma," asked little Tommy, "do fairly tales always begin with 'Once upon a time?'" "No, dear, not always," replied mamma; "they sometimes begin with 'My love, I have been detained' at the office again tonight!" —Chicago News.

"As for me," said the girl with the high brow, "I wouldn't marry the best man living!" "Don't be alarmed my dear," replied the youth with the noisy tie, "I had no intention of proposing to you." —Chicago Daily News.

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